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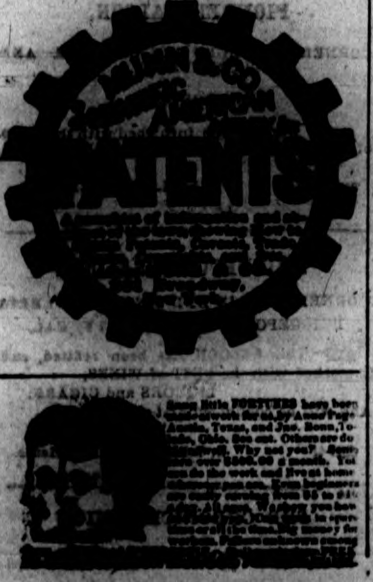
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INDICATIONS.

I know he likes me; not by thy
And tender smiles or looks arresting.
I know it, yes,
By his unobtrusive manner; by
His new-found, dreadfully disarming
Anxieties.
He who was tranquil, debonair,
Was dexterous-longed, carefully observed,
Was blithe and bold,
Smiles with a dull and vacant stare;
Smiles in a gloomy fashion fearful
To behold.
Others—he who was frolicsome—
Such heavy, veiled things as never
Spoke he before;
Stammered and blundered; or it dawned
Long periods. He who was clever
Is a bore.
Thinks not of what he wears, although
Dapper of pore; is all but dowdy;
Books no excuse
For hair too long, collar too low,
Hat too sagging; he who was proud, he
Who was spruce!
Dismal he is, and end and meet;
Timidly into his plain, his weary
Chances slip by;
He who was dashing dare not speak
One trifling word. For see he—can he
See that I—
I know he loves me. And some day
I shall have hardly confessed it—
Tomorrow, I say;
I shall show the simple way—
Tell him how easily I guessed it—
How I knew!
—Emma A. Oppen, in Judge.

WHICH TOOK HIM?

Husband or Son-in-Law, the
Widow Must Have Her Piquet.
Mrs. Vincent, widowed and wealthy,
looked thrifty and fierce.
It was three o'clock in the afternoon,
and the sun took the liberty to intrude
through the window into the library,
furnished in purple leather and walled
with books, which had had a pretty
complete rest for the ten years that the
late Vincent had been in his grave.
Mrs. Vincent sat and glared.
Her dark, prominent and wrathfully-
astonished eyes had for their target a
young man, in whose bearing appeared
a singular mixture of deference and de-
fiance.
Ho, on his part, saw before him a
lady under fifty, but not far. The lips
were yet full and red, and her figure,
though ample, still retained agreeable
lines. If her hair was white, the black
eyebrows held their color and emphasized
the air of command to which the
Roman contour of the nose most con-
tributed.
"Well, I never!" she cried, clapping
down a pack of cards on the table.
The man smiled slightly.
A young man, with curly brown
hair, cheerful, blue eyes, up-twisted
mustache and a firm chin—a fresh,
alert, compact, healthy young man,
whose loose, elegant costume proved
that he understood how to achieve that
careless grace which so charms women.
An intelligent young man with cynical
confidence in his smile.
He stood unfrightened, just the sort
of young man who should not be what
he was—secretary to a mature Cali-
fornia street widow of spotless reputa-
tion and large means.
"Well, I never!" the lady exclaimed.
The young man spoke resolutely:
"No, Mrs. Vincent; I shall play
piquet with you no more. Piquet is a
good enough game, and I am not averse
to it in reason. But I object to piquet
in the forenoon, in the afternoon, and
in the evening, six days in the week.
I confess I'm tired of piquet."
"In that case, and because of your in-
solence," said Mrs. Vincent, with cold
deliberation, "you may consider your-
self discharged, Mr. Middle." "Very well, ma'am." And he turned
toward the door.
"Mr. Middle!"
He halted, his hand on the portiere,
and faced about.
She placed her glasses on her mod-
ified Roman nose, viewed him steadily,
and, toying with the cards, inquired:
"Would an increase of salary be any
inducement, sir?"
"No."
"Then, go!"
He bowed and disappeared.
He had sought the bell. Jeames, in
livery, both imported from London, re-
sponded.
"Hoggins, Mr. Middle is in the hall
saying to him that I wish to see him."
The secretary returned, overcoat on
arm, hat in hand.
Mrs. Vincent threw herself back in
her chair, and, clasping her plump,
white hands above her head, said, in
the conciliatory tone of the negotiator:
"Mr. Middle, let us not act hastily.
I acknowledge that I cannot well spare
you. Next to myself you are the best
piquet-player this side of New York."
"I know it, Mrs. Vincent. Indeed, I
play better than you."
"You do not?"
"I do."
His frozen calmness cowed her.
There was feeling in her words that
followed:
"You loved my husband, did you
not?"
"I did. He was a father to me. I
gave my education to him, and—and—"
"All that you are."
"Which is not much, Mrs. Vincent."
"He was your benefactor, and you
loved him, yet you refuse so little a
thing as to play piquet with your bene-
factor's widow."
"I do. Gratitude has its limits."
"Evidently. You will not humor an
old woman's weakness and lighten the
burden of her loneliness?"
"I will not. But she is not a weak-
ness, but a disease, this insanity for
piquet. Moreover, you are not the only

the contrary, Mrs. Vincent, you are
still a charming woman, and by with-
drawing yourself from the world, and
giving yourself over to cards, you
wrong yourself. Worse than that, you
fail in your duty to your daughter, who
has the life of a nun."
"That is nothing to you, sir!"
"True."
Again he moved toward the door.
"Will nothing," asked the lady, in
alarm, "induce you to sit down to a
game with me—just one?"
"Nothing that you would give, Mrs.
Vincent."
"Pooh! You know very well that I
will give anything you ask. I can't do
without you. What is it you want?"
"Yourself."
"What you mean—"
"That neither as secretary, protégé,
nor friend shall I play piquet with you
again. As your husband, I will."
"God bless my soul!"
"To no woman unbarred can an offer
be either long surprising or disagree-
able. It was with warmed cheeks and
softened eyes that the widow said:
"Do I understand that—that you—
you love me, Ernest?"
Mr. Middle bowed, but averted his
glance.
She sighed and murmured:
"Ah, I am rich."
"Precisely, Mrs. Vincent. You are
rich, you love to play piquet, and I am
the best player on the Pacific coast. If
you will marry me, I will play; if not,
not."
"Well?"
"Under the circumstances, I do not
see that more can be rationally be said."
"Cut the cards."
Eighteen, golden-haired, slim, supple,
adorable, Adele Vincent flashed her
scoffing eyes on the visage of Mr. Mid-
dle, who, undisturbed, sat at ease in
the conservatory.
Mrs. Vincent played solitaire in the
adjoining library, awaiting her affianced
and piquet.
"Why, mamma is old enough to be
your mother, Ernest Middle!"
"I know it."
"Your motive in making this mon-
strous engagement must be purely
mercenary."
"Strictly."
"And you feel no shame in making
the admission?"
"None."
"Fragrant!"
"Thanks."
"For what?"
"For so well expressing my re-
sistance."
She sank upon a lounge, her pretty
feet crossed, covered her face with her
little hands, and her lovely young body
was shaken with sobs.
"Don't cry," said Mr. Middle.
"I can't help it. Oh, it is infamous!"
"Yes. Still I congratulate myself."
"Congratulate yourself?"
"Enthusiastically. I have neither the
brains nor energy to conquer a fortune,
therefore I marry one."
"You can demand to that?"
"I rejoice to find that I can. I am
not the fool that I might be. Many
men quarrel with their luck. I dis-
cover that I am too wise for such folly.
Compose yourself, my dear Adele. I'll
be a father to you."
"A father! You are but eight years
older than I. Oh, Ernest, consider. You
have been a son to mamma and a
brother to me. We have grown from
childhood together. Papa loved you.
Don't, I beg of you, don't make us all
ridiculous!"
"My word is given, Adele. As a gen-
tleman, I must keep it."
"A gentleman, indeed! I thought
you a man, with a man's courage, a
man's honor. Oh!"
"Calm yourself."
"Calm myself! You put me to
humiliation and sell yourself and your
talents for—"
"The prizes that talent gives take
years of conflict to win. I get the prizes
without the conflict."
"The brave young man who was to
face the world and achieve!"
"I have outgrown the Hissings of
youth, Adele."
"And you will marry a woman in
whose crated eight your chief merit is
your skill at piquet?"
"Yes, have said."
"At least you have the decency not
to pretend that you love mamma."
"Love is a luxury, and luxury is not
for the poor. No! I do not love your
mother. I love you."
"I have for years."
"You—yes—never."
"Never told you. Why should I?
Would you share poverty with me,
Adele? Would I, loving you, permit
you? You speak of my talents. I have
tried to use them. They do not exist."
"And you—"
"Yes, with my whole heart and soul.
Love you! God! It is not in me to ex-
press how much!"
"I'm very glad to hear it," said Mrs.
Vincent, wholly opening the library
door.
"Mamma!"
"Hem!"
"One word, Ernest Middle. Would
you as Adele's husband, and provided
for, play piquet with me?"
"With pleasure."
"You'd better marry him, Adele, my
child."
"Oh, mamma! After what has hap-
pened!"
"Come, Mr. Middle, the cards are
waiting."
"But I'm neither your husband nor
your son-in-law, Mrs. Vincent."
"So. Adele make up your mind; you
or no. Evidently, it must be one or the

other of us. Now, Mr. Middle; piquet,
if you please."
"Not until after the ceremony,
mamma." — Arthur McEwen, in Ar-
gonaut.
QUELLED THE PANIC.
How a Nervy Man Acted in a Theater
Entertainment.
"I was in Rochester the other even-
ing," said a traveling man to a Utica
(N. Y.) Observer reporter, "and attend-
ed one of the theaters. Between the
act and another fool in the dress-circle
at once yelled 'fire.' There was an in-
stant panic, and had it not been for a
common-sense-headed man and the fact that
the theater kept right along playing
there would have been a terrible scene.
As it was several ladies fainted and
men and women rushed over the back
of seats to the door as though they were
dethroned."
"But there was one incident that I
shall never forget as long as I live. A
tall gentleman about fifty years of age
stood upon his seat and drew a re-
volver from his pocket. In a voice that
could be heard from some distance around
him he said:
"There is no fire, and I shall be
tempted to shoot the first man that tries
to rush out of here and possibly trample
upon women and children. I mean just
what I say, and when the excitement
cooled down if anybody will point out
the gentleman that raised the cry of fire
I will give the gentleman fifty dollars
for his trouble, and agree to whip the
scoundrel who raised the false alarm
within five minutes or forfeit another
fifty."
"Then he stood there as quietly as if
nothing had disturbed him, and the peo-
ple who heard him knew by his looks
that he meant business, and would do
just what he said. 'Good for you!' called a half-dozen voices, and the peo-
ple in that section sat very quietly dur-
ing the several minutes of terrible ex-
citement that prevailed all over the
crowded house. When order had been
restored the gentleman resumed his
seat and enjoyed the play."
Don't Like Dis. Washing.
Of the tens of thousands of indigent
Italian women who have come to New
York within the last few years few
have sought to get a living by domestic
service. The fact that they cannot
speak our language makes them a dis-
tinct class in households, and, be-
cause they are untrained in such duty,
as are people by American families,
they know nothing of the art of house-
keeping in the American way or of
kitchen work and cooking in the
American style. Several New York
families, however, who have procured
Italian domestic help, have procured
counts of their experiences with them.
They say that the Italian young women
are quick to learn, anxious to please and
very sure to be extremely polite, and
that if the mistresses who hire them
will only be patient with them for a
few months they will, very likely find
them to be unsurpassed in the perfor-
mance of the duties of domestic service.
—N. Y. Sun.
A Woman's Wit.
Another grand lady, whose death is an-
nounced, was the duchess of Malakoff.
As a girl she was the intimate friend of
the Empress Eugenie—in fact, the em-
press and she were, as we recollect, near
sisters. Walking in the garden of the
palace one day who should have in
sight but Marshal Malakoff, notoriously
the roughest and rudest man in all the
French service. "Ugh! there is that
bear again!" quoth the empress with a
shudder of genuine horror; but her
young companion said nothing. The
marshal, approaching and bowing to
the ladies, beaught the younger one to
honor him with the rose she had just
plucked. "Certainly, I will give it to
you," answered the girl, sweetly; "but
how can a rose please you, who live
only for laurels?" This answer com-
pletely staggered the marshal; in an-
other moment he was hopelessly and
wildly in love with that girl; and it is to
his credit that he prosecuted the cam-
paign so diligently that a year later the
beautiful young creature became his
wife. Speaking of the episode in the
garden Malakoff used to say: "I thought
I was hard to conquer, but in that case,
parbleu! I surrendered at the very first
fire."
An Orthodox Jewish Custom.
Chicago contains between fifteen thou-
sand and twenty thousand Hebrews who
cling to the custom requiring all meat
for eating to be marked with a load
seal, vouching for its cleanliness. The
trouble which has broken out among
the orthodox Hebrews in New York
city, says the Chicago News, is owing
to this custom. A prominent rabbi is
that city whose duty it was to distribute
the seals is charged with having dis-
posed of them in such a way as to make
it profitable to himself. A prominent
Hebrew of this city, speaking of the
matter yesterday, said: "That custom
is a relic of the dark ages which exists
now only among Russian Jews of the
most orthodox kind. Within the last
few years there has been a great influx
of these people into Chicago. They are
to be found mostly about Canal and
Halsted streets. They have private
slaughter pens of their own, and per-
sons are appointed to do the killing
who have turned a special examina-
tion for the purpose. Some rabbi gen-
erally issues the seals to the examiners,
the best being sent to some particular
butcher shop. The seal is a small piece
of lead about an inch long, on which is
stamped the Hebrew letter, 'sh', sig-
nifying 'justice,' which means clean."

AN INTERESTING CAREER.

History of an Artist Who Painted
a Picture Three Miles Long.
A Panorama of the Entire Mississippi
River Drawn from Sketches Made
While He Was Traveling in
a Canoe.
John Banvard, the artist, died the
other day in Watertown, S. D., of heart
failure. His career as an artist, a trav-
eler and an adventurer was unique and
interesting, says the New York Times,
and the story of his life is full of in-
cidents that go beyond the usual.
He was born in New York about 1830,
and his youthful days were spent in
study of drawing and painting, for
which he showed a decided taste at an
early age. When he was fifteen years
old his father died, after losing his
property, and the boy went to Louis-
ville, where he worked for a time as a
clerk in a drug store. A year later he
had opened a studio and established
himself as an artist. He did not long
remain in Louisville, but after painting
several pieces he started out to earn his
living by exhibiting them, and he vis-
ited New Orleans, Natchez, Cincinnati,
and other towns, going by boat, and
sometimes giving exhibitions on a flat-
boat fitted up for the occasion.
He made a scanty living and met
many adventures and hardships. One
of his pictures, made about this time,
was a panorama of Venice, which he
painted wholly from imagination, and
afterward exhibited with success.
While on one of his river trips, Mr.
Banvard conceived the idea of painting
a panorama of the entire Mississippi
river. It was his ambition to paint the
largest picture in the world. He set
about it in 1840. Alone, in an open
skiff, with no outfit except his rifle and
his drawing instruments, he traveled
thousands of miles. When his rifle
failed to bring him necessary food he
painted pictures and exhibited them to
make money enough to buy food and re-
plenish his materials.
For more than a year he lived in this
way, and when his preparatory draw-
ings were done he erected a building in
Louisville, where they were transferred
to canvas and first exhibited. The
artist's ambition was realized. The
painting was the largest ever made,
and, complete, it covered three miles
of canvas. It was one of the wonders
of the day, after the people heard about
it, and was exhibited in many cities of
this country and abroad, attracting
a mob attention.
A series of exhibitions in Eu-
rope, the artist traveled extensively in
Asia and Africa and painted many pic-
tures which were exhibited. Among
these was a panorama called "Pictures
and Poetry of Palestine," and another
composed of three pictures, "First Bat-
tle of Field of Hattin," "Siege of Jeru-
salem—Destruction of the Temple," and
"Ruins of Edom."
During the war Mr. Banvard pointed
out to Gen. Fremont how Island No. 10
could be passed by a canal and certain
bays, and he made charts showing the
route. His suggestions were afterward
successfully followed. He was a pro-
lific writer and was the author of about
seventeen hundred poems, several hun-
dred of which have been published in
magazines here and in Great Britain.
He also published "A Description of the
Mississippi River," "Pilgrimage to the
Holy Land," "Annals; or, The Last
of the Pharaohs," "The Private Life
of a King," and "Tradition of the Tem-
ple."
Two of his dramas have been acted;
"Amazons," at the Boston theater in
1864, and "Carrina," at the Broadway
theater in 1878. One of his paintings,
"The Orison," was the picture from
which the first chromo made in Amer-
ica was taken. Nearly a quarter of a
century ago Mr. Banvard established
his panorama in what was then
Wood's museum on Broadway, which
afterward became Daly's theater.
Here his pictures were exhibited, and,
with his lectures, attracted considerable
attention.
Critics have said that Mr. Banvard's
pictures were not great in artistic
merit. They were remarkable because
of their magnitude and the rapidity
with which he made them. When ex-
hibiting his panorama he accompanied
the pictures with a descriptive lecture,
which often was a feature of his enter-
tainments.
ART NOTES.
MRS. HENROT, the chief proprietor of
the Paris Louvre, has just paid \$36,000,
a correspondent says, for Alphonse de
Neuville's famous painting, "The Last
Cartridge."
A new decorative art, of French ori-
gin, is pyrogravure, which consists in
engraving upon wood, leather, fabrics,
etc., by means of a heated tracing point.
By it extremely varied and remarkable
effects may be produced.
GEORGE DU MAURIE, the English art-
ist, is of French birth, fifty-seven years
of age, and studied chemistry in his
early life with the expectation of mak-
ing it his profession. His first drawings
on wood were for Once a Week and the
Cornhill Magazine.
GEORGE CRUKSHANK's widow having
lately died the British nation has re-
ceived a valuable addition to its art
treasures, for Mrs. Crukshank has left
an enormous number of the artist's
sketches and drawings as a legacy to the
British museum. They are said to be
nearly ten thousand in number.

THE SILVER FAD.

It Now Controls the Young Girl
of the Period.
Some of the Many queer Uses to Which
the Precious Metal is Put to Grat-
ify the Devotees of Fashion.
—The Spoken Word.
A long time ago a man named Solo-
mon, who acquired quite a reputation
for wisdom, made the remark that:
"Speech is silver, silence is golden." In-
stead of thereby to convey some idea of
the superiority of silence, a Solomon
of the year 1891, says the Chicago Trib-
une, however, would reverse the motto
if he would be in the fashion, for this is
preeminently a silver era.
The latest fad, for instance, of the
girl whose pin-money income is large
enough to support this rather expen-
sive indulgence is the collection of sil-
ver-mounted toilet articles, of which
there is an endless variety. There are
all sorts and conditions of brushes,
from the gorgeous sized clothesbrush to
the diminutive instrument for arrang-
ing the eyebrows. There are combs,
heart-shaped silver boxes for manicure
nails and powder, silver-cased bod-
ies, dental floss, atomizers, ring trays,
pin trays, hairpin boxes, and so on
through the ever-increasing category.
When milady travels there are silver
cases for perfume bottles, silver soap
boxes, silver basket covers and umbrella
straps with silver buckles. When she
assumes an air of virtuous industry and
takes a few stitches as occasion may
demand, there are silver scissors, acorn-
shaped cases for her thimble, dainty re-
ceptacles for her needles, and boxes
containing a kind of bobbin on which
to wind different colored silk floss.
When she opens her wardrobe to con-
duct her correspondence in a decidedly
English hand, there are silver pen
trays, ink bottles, pens and pencils, let-
ter clips, bristle pen wipers and a unique
arrangement for moistening stamps.
For the sick room there are silver-cased
fever thermometers and an odd lemon-
ade medicine spoon with a tube run-
ning up the handle through which, as
through a straw, the fluid may be sipped.
When this victim of a fad goes shop-
ping or calling there is the tiny glove
bouffoniere, heart-shaped perhaps,
which she slips inside the palm of her
hand. She carries an odd coin purse of
French design with a tiny watch in the
top. Uncover this little lid, and the
needle expands to the full extent of the
links below. Her chateleine tablet of
African lizard skin is mounted in silver
with a silver chain, and on its cover, as
on that of her card case and address
book, silver flours de lis. All the leather
novelties bear these flowers of France,
even the lizard skin card case opening
at the end, which gentlemen carry in
the pockets of their evening clothes.
In the realm of jewelry, also, silver
and platinum are popular as settings
for clusters. Next to the diamond,
which might be called the "staff" of
jewel life, the stone which takes the
popular fancy is the emerald, though
the turquoise is also in great demand.
The hand of fashion is loaded with
rings at present, but fad-don't ears show
a civilized disregard of earrings. All
stones are set low in plain, polished
gold, and many are imbedded in the
French style right in the gold. There
is quite a fancy for setting different
colored diamonds together, and gentle-
men wear as evening studs three small
diamonds or pearls of different colors.
A ring containing three diamonds, col-
ored respectively cinnamon, coffee and
red, is quite valuable, as the red stone
is perhaps impossible of duplication.
The bunches of silver wire bracelets
so common a little while ago have
given place to immense ropes and links
of the same metal, but it is to be hoped
that this fancy will not be allowed to
hand down many of the devotees of fash-
ion. Necklaces are permissible only
for evening wear, when they are worn
with pendants. The long bar pins have
been superseded by clusters in round
designs, as stars, flowers, birds, bow-
knots, etc. Two hearts tied together
with a knot is a pretty design for rings
or pendants, the hearts being of tur-
quoise surrounded by diamonds, which
also form the bow. Elaborate designs
of cluster diamonds are in great favor
for corsage wear, one beautiful example
being a flight of swallows, formed en-
tirely of diamonds. For the hair there
are enameled orichals with diamond
centers and pins with clear de la hende.
The spoon-gathering craze still holds
possession of all tourists and a new
Chicago spoon has been designed to
meet the demand of the collector. It
is called the Fort Dearborn spoon and
has a round bowl with a raised design
depicting the old fort and its surround-
ings. This spoon is of oxidized silver
and looks quite antique, but bright sil-
ver is more in demand now for regular
use.
A Quiver Bells.
A man that lives in Reynoldsville,
Ga., has been for sixteen or seventeen
years afflicted with a terrible cough and
what was believed to be catarrh. While
bathing his face the other morning he
blew out of his left nostril a piece of
knife blade about an inch long. It
looked like a piece of bone. When the
outer covering was removed, however,
it proved to be a piece of a steel knife
blade. When but a boy of ten years a
negro boy stabbed him in the left
cheek in a boyish scrimmage. He did
not know that a portion of the blade
was left in his cheek.

CHRONICLE-UNION

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SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

James P. Sullivan, Manager of the Central & California Press Association, No. 205 Montgomery street.
A. E. Killeen, 200 Pine street.

TAKE THE PICTURE.

The Golden Rod brand of shirting cotton cloth is used for making many workmen's shirts. The McKinley bill required the duty on it from 4 cents a yard to 6 cents a yard. But the price of it, which was 4 cents a yard six months before the new tariff, is now 6 cents a yard. Workingmen, did that tariff tax you by encouraging the production of that goods at home?

Indigo blue prints are known and purchased in almost every household. It does not appear from the price lists of wholesale houses that their price has been put up by the McKinley tariff, the "reformers", to the contrary notwithstanding. Six months before it took effect they were selling at 6 cents a yard. To-day, under that tariff, their price is 8 cents a yard.

The New York hod carrier with his \$11 a week in his pocket is very glad that it is impossible to import brick houses from Belgium, where hod carriers get \$3 25 cents a week.

Hatters in France earn \$5 50 cents a week. New York hatters get \$4 a day, or a week, \$30 00.

It is thought that John M. Samuels, of Kentucky, will be appointed Chief of the Horticultural Department of the World's Fair, although Shorsh, of Los Angeles, has a showing, it is said. Californians have made perfect tools of themselves ever since Harrison's nomination and election over every appointment of officials of every character. Had it not been for these damnable jealousies we would have had a Cabinet officer in the person of the lamented John F. Swift, and these jealous jokers are inaugurated on almost every occasion of the mention of any prominent Californian for a Federal or World's Fair appointment. It is simply disgraceful.

The St. James Gazette of the 10th, inst. prints the following: "Judging from the returns issued by the Board of Trade, it looks as though we had already reached the end of the good times. The great decline in exports from Great Britain is undoubtedly due to the operation of the McKinley law in the United States. We have been told that the net would eventually prove a misfortune to the United States, but its immediate object was to hit foreign manufacturers, especially those of Great Britain, and it is plainly evident that this object has been attained."

Miss Morris, whose dressmaking establishment was destroyed by fire recently, carried a total insurance of \$1,000, half of which was on dress and uncompleted work. The insurance adjuster who was here claims that the lady could not insure her patron's goods and she will probably get nothing on this part of the loss, though she paid the premium on the insurance.

The Company that will collect an insurance premium on goods and then refuse on a mere technicality, to pay the insurance, is a thief, and the Register should publish its name, as a warning to insurers.

The Lone Echo says that Camp Seco, Calaveras County, which has been depopulated for ten years, is at present experiencing a revival. The copper mines in the vicinity are being put in readiness for taking out ore and a large number of men are employed about the mines and in grading for the erection of a smelter to be used in working the ores. Already the old town has several new saloons, a butcher shop, restaurant, store and livery stable.

The Grand Army re-union at Detroit was largely attended. Captain John Palmer, of Albany, N.Y., who served in the 91st N.Y. Volunteers, and took part in all its engagements, was elected Commander-in-Chief for the ensuing year.

Capt. Moorman was in from White River Thursday. He informs us that ex-Governor Adams is buying up all the beef steers he can get, paying from \$30 to \$35 per head, which is quite an advance over the prices for some years past.—White Pine News.

Rev. H. Frank Tandy, of the Christian Church, Talara, committed suicide by poison near that place on the 6th. Domestic troubles were the cause, his wife having applied for a divorce.

The President has appointed Richard Otsis Shannon, of New York, Minister to Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Salvador—a new South American mission created by the last Congress.

Frederick Knott, the great race horse died at Barnum on the 6th. His owner paid \$425 for him as a yearling, and he has made him over \$100,000.

It is supposed that ex-Congressman Morrow will be appointed United States Circuit Judge, vice Hoffman, deceased.

LYCHING OF AN INDIAN.

Ex-U. S. Marshal Hopkins, who was recently here investigating the killing of the murderer Ah Tia, by the Walker Lake Reservation Indians, has submitted his report, which is published in the S. F. Chronicle of the 4th instant. If Marshal Hopkins' report is as published, he stepped aside from his duty to give the facts as told him, to express his opinions and stir the people of this town. While much of the published report may be, and is, true, there are great exaggerations. The report says there were not over 100 Indians all told in town. It is notorious that there were between 200 and 300 at Bridgeport, Bodie, Mono Lake and Walker Lake. Here watching the course of events. The report also says that Dr. Kaelles went to Sheriff Cody and offered to remove Tia, with his own team, to a place of safety. This story the Sheriff denies, as the Doctor made no such offer, and it could not have been done anyway, as the Indians had a strong guard around the jail all night, and they would not have allowed it without bloodshed.

It may be as well to state right here that Ah Quong Tia was in custody of the Deputy Constable pending examination on a charge of murdering Peter Tom, a Walker Lake Reservation Indian, who was horribly butchered by Ah Tia, who cut off his head, both arms above the elbow, severed the body above the waist, cut open his chest and removed the organs, and then put the trunk of the body in pickle for "future reference," and not content with this diabolical deed, he cut up portions of the Indian into very small pieces and made a stew, which he fed to a select few of his friends—Johnny Summers, Frank, California George, Bridgeport George, Jacob, a nephew of Johnny Summers, and Bob, Fat Bill's brother. Summers was cleaning Ah Tia's well at the time and this grand stew was given at about 9 o'clock in the morning—a fashionable breakfast, as it were. Summers says the meat had a queer flavor, and that some of it tasted rotten, and he would not eat it. He asked Tia what kind of meat it was, but Tia would not answer. The stew was put on the table three times that day. These facts were told by Summers to Marshal Hopkins, who has seen fit to report "there is not a syllable of testimony, even from the Indians themselves, to support the charge," that he fed the Indians with a portion of Peter Tom's anatomy. Mr. Hopkins' memory must be failing, and he must have failed to take down Summers' statement, which A. F. Bryant, our Postmaster, knows that Summers gave him, but as it is not the kind of testimony the Chinese Consulate desires to place before Secretary Blaine to back up a claim for "indemnity" it is discarded, notwithstanding Summers is a very intelligent Platte, and considered a truthful one.

In regard to the matter of some of our citizens having incited the Indians to take Tia and cut him up, we believe that many of the stories told were highly colored, if not absolutely false. Of those mentioned in Hopkins' report, we have met a few and they most emphatically deny the charges made. Dr. Sinclair is very emphatic in his denial of the charge that he told the Indians to go to the Court room and take out the d— Chinaman and cut him up. He says he spoke to but one Indian near the Court room, and that was in answer to a common-place question. The Doctor was recently crippled by the loss of a leg, and is one of the last men to desire any trouble with Indians where his family and property are. P. G. Hughes is reported to have told F. Hanson that if he interfered in behalf of Tia he (Hughes) would "give him a dose!" Mr. Hughes only advised Mr. Hanson to be careful, or the "Indians might give him a dose" as the Indian detectives believed Hanson had assisted Tia in picking the Indian's body to the river, and it was feared that they would kill him. Our readers will see there is quite a difference in the "reported" remark, and what Mr. Hughes actually said. M. M. Wallace denies, and in language so forcible that it would not be well to publish it, that he incited the Indians to do wrong. We have not seen Supervisor Hun-will, but we believe his remarks have also been garbled to bolster an attempt to get "indemnity." Mr. Vansickel is out of town, so we have not seen him. Every town is blessed with men who do not always tell a story correctly, and perhaps there are such in this town who interviewed Marshal Hopkins.

The Indians came here to find Tom's remains and punish his murderer, and they were so incensed at Tom's butchery that they required no advice from the Whites as to what they should do with Tia. They had gone through their forms of trial and condemned Tia to death and intended to carry out the sentence, knowing that they possessed the force to overpower the citizens and officers, in case of a resistance. The report says: "The testimony is overwhelming that there were just seven Indians engaged in the whole affair, and that the others held entirely aloof." That is true, but the Marshal should have been honest enough to have added that the "reserve force" was ready to come to the front at a given signal, "which would have been true. The report also says: "There were only four rifles and four six-shooters among the Indians, and two of the rifles were worn by one of the reservation officers."

If the above is intended to give an impression that those were the only weapons possessed by all the Indians here, and we believe such was the intent, we have to say that such testimony was false, for we saw a large number of guns in their camp, and on one occasion Sheriff Cody counted over thirty guns lying against the fence. There is scarcely an adult Indian in all this section not possessed of a good gun, many of them being repeaters. And we have another false statement, as follows:

"Down through the street, lined by the white populace, went the seven Indians and their shrieking victim. The Chinaman saw those with whom he had been acquainted and done business for years gazing at him as he went to his death, and he appealed to them in the most piteous tones for aid."

The facts are, he was rushed through upper Main street, where there are only a few residences, and he probably did not see a white face after he was taken out of the Court room. And this far from truthful report further says: "It is safe to say that about ten of ten of the spectators were armed, but not a hand was lifted in the defense of the poor wretch."

There were not a hand full of citizens in the vicinity of the Court room, and a probability not one was armed, as our people do not go about town armed, and there are very few fire arms in the town.

And here is another statement which is false, and shows that Marshal Hopkins got most of his information from unreliable sources:

---The Sheriff, by the way, arrived in time to give directions to have the ghastly relics of poor appetites shovelled up and buried out of sight."

PROBATE NOTICE

Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should Not Be Made.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF MONO, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM ROBERTSON, Deceased.

D. M. Walters, the Administrator of the Estate of William Robertson, deceased, having filed his verified petition hereto, praying for an order of sale of the whole of the Real Estate of said deceased, and all of the personal property thereof for the purpose and reasons therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED BY the Court, that all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased, do appear before the said Superior Court, at said Mono County, on the

17TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of said Superior Court, at the Court House of said County of Mono, at Bridgeport, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said D. M. Walters, Administrator of said Estate, to sell all of the Personal Property and Real Estate of said deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Bridgeport Chronicle-Union, a newspaper printed and published in said County.

M. D. ARNOT, Judge of the Superior Court, Presiding.

Dated August 4th, 1891.

In the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California.

Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should Not Be Made.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF MONO, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of JACOB WEAVER, Deceased.

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MINING NOTICES.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Regular Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the PENNSYLVANIA GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY will be held at the Company's office, in Silver Mountain, Alpine County, California, on Saturday, August 23d, 1891, at One o'clock P. M.

By Order,
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HOTELS.

IN CALIFORNIA

A FELINE MOTOR.

The Marvelous Machine Invented by a Western Genius.

Cats Utilized to Produce Electricity for Illuminating and Other Purposes—Steam Engine No. where.

Prof. Richard DeLong, the inventor of the new feline motor, says a thought (Wis.) correspondent of the New York Sun is a tall, pale-faced man with a three-story, bay-window forehead overhanging a pair of deep-set, sky-blue eyes, set on each side of a large, thin, hooked nose. He is not a beauty, but he is a genius.

His feline motor, which is at present in the hands of a scientific commission, is a marvelous machine, unique in appearance and wonderful in operation. It may be described as a curious combination of large and small fly-wheels, great balance-wheels, bright steel rods, and an almost innumerable number of coils of copper wire, all joined to a brightly polished cylinder of brass, one end of which projects into a wire cage filled with ordinary cats. Its operation is very simple, but surprising in its results. A slight pull on a small nickel-plated lever starts the machine. Then like lightning from out the end of the cylinder projecting into the cage there shoots a long steel arm and hand, grabbing one of the cats by the nape of the neck and yanking it into the cylinder, where it disappears with a yell of more than feline terror. In a moment the fly-wheels, the great balance-wheels, and all of the complicated machinery begin to move, at first slowly, but soon with startling rapidity. At the proper moment, which is indicated by a small clock-like attachment, the operator pulls another lever, when from out of the other end of the cylinder, with hair and tail erect, scintillating eyes, and a catervaul dislocating to one's spinal column, the cat is projected into a tub of cold water prepared for its reception.

This operation, surprising as it may seem, extracts from the cat electricity equivalent to the power represented by ten horses, working for one hour, and this power can be stored into the cylinder until needed. As a cat can be run through the motor every three minutes, and all the accumulating electricity is practically limitless. The same cat can be used over ten hours without the least impairing its health and general usefulness.

The professor is jubilant over the success of his invention. He is satisfied that he has overcome every difficulty, and intends soon to put the machines upon the market. In speaking of the origin of the invention and the probable results of its use, he says:

"I have long believed that the cat is nature's Leyden jar, charged with an enormous amount of electricity, but in such a manner as to require a peculiar process to extract it. This process it has been my good fortune to discover. The discovery will be of incalculable benefit to mankind. It will revolutionize the mechanical world, and will be felt in every department of life. By its means every family, no matter how poor, can have its home brilliantly lighted with electricity at a less cost than to have it poorly lighted with kerosene. By simply running the now practically useless house cat through the machine twice each day a sufficient amount of electricity can be engendered to illuminate brilliantly any medium-sized house. Think how advantageous it would be to a large city. Take New York for example. Carefully compiled statistics show that there are at present within the city limits 9,993,347 cats. This represents very nearly 20,000,000 continuous horse power, or enough to light the entire city and furnish all the motive power needed to do its work. The feline motor will do away with steam. Ten years from now I venture to say there will not be a steam engine in active operation in the United States."

WASHINGTON RELICS.

High Prices Paid for Them at a Recent Sale.

Two years ago, during the celebration of the centennial of Washington's inauguration as first president of the United States, much interest was displayed in anything pertaining to the "Father of His Country." All the relics of his day were sought by a large and curious crowd, and the loan exhibitions were very popular. That this interest was not ephemeral, says Harper's Weekly, or merely aroused by the patriotic display during the celebration, is clearly proven by the attention that has been called forth by a recent sale in Philadelphia of a collection of Americana. The prices that these relics and curiosities of the olden day, especially those connected with Washington, have brought have been a general surprise. The silver plate from the outer case of Washington's coffin, which was regarded as the most curious relic of all, being only valuable from the collector's point of view, was sold for eighty dollars. We are led to believe that the cases of war or of state did not engross all the time of the great general, as one of the books exhibited was an Atlas of the world compiled and indexed by Washington himself. Sir Matthew White's contributions (London, 1688), which bore the name of "Mary Washington," on the title page, and the inscription beneath, written by her son, "Mother of G. Washington," was regarded as very valuable, and brought one hundred dollars. A book of Washington's which was cut and preserved by his barber, John Perrie, sold for twenty dollars, and an autograph letter of the general's, written from Mount Vernon in 1795, was sold for two hundred and fifty dollars, while a letter signed by him brought one hundred and fifty cents. The historical books and documents were sold at a high price, and the energetic bidding that all the relics called forth was evidence of the regard and interest in which he was held by his countrymen to-day, almost a century after his death.

INVITED HIMSELF.

An Astor-Willing Guest Who Was Not In It at the Wedding.

There is an amusing story as to how an Englishman who was visiting this country at the time of the Astor-Willing wedding managed to get his name in the papers as one of the guests.

It seems, says the Chicago News, the Englishman made his headquarters in New York, where he is pretty well known, and enjoys the company of a few chosen friends upon his stated visits to this country. He happened to be in the metropolis at the time the wedding was talked about, and jokingly said that he had received an invitation. His acquaintances looked at him in blank amazement. Not one of their set had been invited to the ceremony, and they secretly wondered how on earth the Englishman had managed it. Curiosity finally predominated, and after considerable hesitation the question was put pointblank, when the Englishman laughingly said it was a joke, but, said he: "I'll bet anyone here that I can go over to Philadelphia as one of the guests."

The bet was taken with considerable odds in the Englishman's favor. Several days before the swell ceremony occurred the Londoner secretly ascertained where the Astors would stop when in the city. Accordingly he went over and selected a suite of the best rooms obtainable at the same hotel, and when the wedding guests began to arrive he came with the crowd, accompanied by a valet and a goodly amount of luggage. He was at once set down as an Astor guest, and his English manners and accent, which were closely observed, were greatly in his favor. When the reporter came around to get the list of names the Englishman took special pains to see that his name was printed correctly, and, although he never went near the wedding, he had the check to return to New York and claim his bet.

All the evidence was in his favor, for both Philadelphia and New York journals gave publicity to his name, and his friends to this day do not know that they were shamefully duped.

DECIDED BY A COIN.

The Odds of Chance Invoked by Mr. Stanley in Africa.

In a little speech to the New York Press club the other evening Henry M. Stanley said:

In Central Africa it was not the fashion to indulge in after-dinner oratory and he was consequently somewhat out of practice. Several times in his career he had been compelled to decide in a moment what course of action to pursue. In his first African enterprise he found himself stranded on an African island without friends and without money. This was nineteen years ago. He had to decide in a moment what to do, and he determined to go on. He raised a loan of thirty thousand dollars in a few hours by paying five thousand dollars premium, and went ahead until, after a lapse of nine months, he found David Livingstone, the object of his search.

When he reached the spot where Livingstone had turned back he was again confronted with the necessity of instantaneous decision. He was in a quandary. If he turned back he would stamp his enterprise with failure. If he went on he knew not what would happen. He held a consultation with his lieutenant, and the latter suggested that the matter might be settled by tossing a coin. He accepted the suggestion and tossed up a rupee. The coin decided against going on. But Stanley was not satisfied. He tossed again, and still again, and each time the coin said that Stanley should not go on. Then he had recourse to long and short straws and three times this divination declared that the explorer should turn back.

But he was still not satisfied to go back. He thought that something must be the matter with the rupee and the straws, and so he cast aside the prophecies of both and went on following the course of the great river until he found whence it came. When he returned to London after this expedition he found the Geographical society debating whether it should call him a pirate or give him a dinner. It finally decided to give him a dinner.

RICH MEN OF THE FUTURE.

How to Realize the Full Value of Money.

A leather merchant, not generally known to be a wealthy man, died some months ago in New York. A lawsuit arose from his will, which distributed great legacies among a score of colleges. The suit was compromised, and the legacies will be paid. Out of the estate of this unknown millionaire nearly four million dollars will be given to thirty-five colleges; half a million more will be divided between several hospitals.

It is impossible, says the Youth's Companion, to estimate the good to students and the sick that these bequests insure for years and years to come. There is no doubt, however, that in general a rich man's money had better be given away before his death than after it.

Many years may pass between the making of a fortune and the carrying out of the maker's will. Besides this useless delay there is the danger that bequests will be diverted from their intended purpose. While a man is alive, he can see that his money is spent as he wishes. After his death there is no telling what legal contentions and unforeseen difficulties may bring about.

Money in itself is worth nothing. Its only value lies in what one can do with it. Many young people are going to make fortunes within the next generation or two. If they will devote a share of their wealth, while they can still control it, to the wise, generous service of their fellow-men, the value of money will be realized as never before.

Why Counterfeits Shrink.

Counterfeit notes are uniformly smaller than genuine ones. The plate is made by tracing over the lines of the good bill and the damp paper shrinks, making the impression smaller than the plate.

LITERARY SMALL TALK.

But, Ah, the Georgia humorist, has nine children.

Port Whittier begins to feel that the labors of life are virtually over. His fast-falling sight is shutting him off from literary work.

"PETER LOTT," the new French immortal, is not the effeminate epicurean one might expect from his writings. A Paris letter describes him as short, stout and burly, turned forty, and looking the bluff, hoary tar that he is.

FRANCOIS CORRE, the French author, is fond of cats that surround his desk and nibble at his pen when he writes. Zeman has a magnificent Angora cat of which he is extravagantly fond and in honor of which Taine composed a sonnet.

Dr. LOMBARD meditates starting an enterprise in or near Boston as a rival to the Chautauque movement. It is to be called the Temple Educational Union. Bible study, literature, science, and social and political economy will be included in his system.

The queen of Roumania has undertaken to write on the subject of Bucharest for a great illustrated work on the capitals of the world, which is now being prepared in Paris. This is probably the first time that a queen has described her capital for the public. Vienna will be treated by Mrs. Adam and Tokio by Judith Gautier.

WOMAN'S HAPPIEST MOMENTS.

Miss FRY—"I remember the first time I was in love." Miss CHANCE—"What wouldn't I give for a memory like that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HE—"There goes Gladys Winsome, the everlasting bone of contention between Will and Cholly Gushington." SHE—"Yes, she is rather thin."—N. Y. Telegram.

WAS'N'T FAST—"How pale Miss Hicks got in that rainstorm we were caught out in! Do you suppose she was afraid of the lightning?" "Oh, no. The rain got away with her color."—N. Y. Sun.

MINUTE—"I have just received such a nice letter from Will. He says his only thoughts are of me." MAMIE—"He probably tells the truth. He never was much of a thinker."—Indianapolis Journal.

JACK—"Maud Murray has the 'ruby lips' that the poet tells of—they are such a rich red." AMY—"Well, they were until Laura Lenox kissed her a few minutes ago. The red is on Laura's lips now."—Saturday Evening Herald.

"I suppose it is something of a tribute to one's beauty when a gentleman rises and gives one his seat in a car," said Miss May Ture somewhat proudly. "That depends," said Miss Keene; "in some cases it is a mark of respect for age."—N. Y. Press.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

Chicago claims to be the home of not less than two hundred and fifty Arabian families.

NINETY per cent. of all the applications for adoption received at the New York foundling asylum call for girl babies.

UNDER the present game laws of New York the English sparrow is not protected, and it is made a misdemeanor to give food or shelter to that bird.

THERE are now 19,573 newspapers printed in the United States and Canada, a gain of 1,618 over last year's record. New York is in the lead of the states, having 1,933 papers.

WATERBURY is said to contain very sanitary qualities. A curious characteristic of it is that if grown in a ferocious stream it absorbs five times the amount of iron than any other plant does.

A PHILADELPHIA surgeon says that by three strokes of the lancet he could paralyze the nerves acted on to make a man get mad, and thereafter anyone could pull his nose, cuff his ears and spit on his books and he would simply smile a soft, bland smile.

ABOUT ROYAL LADIES.

THE duchess of Fife's baby will be known when she is christened as Lady Alexandra Duff.

THE duchess of Marlborough has presented her husband with a large and beautiful organ with four manuals for his library at Blenheim.

A BASKET of Thompson peaches, each peach in which cost ten dollars, was ordered in Paris for the banquet given in Moscow at the Grand Duchess Sarg's christening.

THE Empress Carlotta has recovered her reason, but her whole life since she time, twenty-five years ago, when her husband was shot has been a blank, of which no memory lingers.

THE Countess Loredana da Porto Bonin lately received a gold medal at the international photographic exhibition in Liverpool for a dozen unusually excellent flash-light photographs.

FOR her present to the baby girl of the duke and duchess of Fife, her great grandmother, Victoria, has salted away in caskets £3,500 to roll up interest against the day when the child shall marry and want a dowry.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

A PET coon attacked and nearly killed his mistress at Piedmont, Wyo.

W. J. RAINY, of Butler county, Pa., was picked up by a vicious horse and shaken till one arm was broken.

A cow accidentally shut up in a barn at Cedar Rapids, Ia., stayed there four weeks without food or water. She was not much injured by her long fast.

WHEN a New Bedford (Mass.) grocer entered his store the other morning he heard a noise behind the counter, and upon investigation found that a vial had seized a mouse by one leg, and the rodent was making a desperate effort to escape.

SARAH WORTH's cow, in East Bradford, captured a brand new coat of the hired man, and was caught devouring it. The hired man gave chase, but the cow kept obeying while the man, and when he caught her very little of the garment was left.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

HAVE YOU DECIDED WHERE TO GO FOR YOUR SUMMER OUTING?

The new route via Calistoga to Bartlett Springs, Clear Lake, Soda Bay, Harbin Springs, Seliger Springs, Adams Springs, Anderson Springs, Highland Springs, Howard Springs, and the other resorts of Lake County, is the most charming combination of rail, stage and steamer travel in the State.

Have you ever seen the Geysers? The Hotel del Monte, El Cerrito, and Pacific Grove are gems of vacation luxury, with very moderate charges.

Charming Santa Cruz always has its thousands.

Compare the Santa Cruz Mountains in the event and most beautiful of the sublime and beautiful.

You will find the grandest exposures of the sublime and beautiful. The lakes of the high Sierra—Tahoe, Donner, Webber, Independence—have vast stores of beauty, pure air, fishing, sailing, boating, health and happiness.

Grand old Shasta appeals with majestic splendor to lovers of nature.

Santa Monica, Long Beach, and Santa Barbara remain the gems of the South.

How many have seen the wonderful Palm Valley?

Ask Agents Southern Pacific Company for a copy of "CALIFORNIA RESORTS."

Every Summer Resort in California worth visiting is on the Lines of the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

GELATT'S BRIDGEPORT LINE.

Carrying the United States Mail.

On and after JULY 1st, 1891, will leave GENOA (On ARRIVAL of STAGES from CARSON) MONDAYS and FRIDAYS.

Connecting at HOLBROOK'S, on above days, for TOPAZ, COLEVILLE and BRIDGEPORT.

Leaves BRIDGEPORT at 6 A. M. on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS for

Coleville, Topaz and Holbrook's, connecting with stages for Genoa and Carson.

R. GELATT, Proprietor.

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of toll on the

EASTWALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows:

Buggy team \$1.50
Loaded wagon and two animals 1.00
Each additional pair of animals50
Horseman25
Pack animals, each25
Hogs and sheep, each10
Loose stock, each05
Empty teams, half-price.

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of toll on the

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows:

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.

All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, no credit is given.

Buggy team \$1.50
Loaded wagon and two animals 1.00
Each additional pair of animals50
Horseman25
Pack animals, each25
Hogs and sheep, each10
Loose stock, each05
Empty teams, half-price.

WILLIAM PRICE.

ANTELOPE TOLL ROAD.

RATES OF TOLL.

Horse and buggy \$1.00
Horse team75
Additional span25
Horseman25
Loose stock05
Empty team50

WILLIAM PRICE.

BEST JOB PRINTING

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